

THE REPOSITORY, AND Ladies' Weekly Museum.

BY SOLOMON SLENDER, ESQ.

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The price of this paper is 6½ cents each number, payable every 4 weeks, or 3 dollars a year to those who pay in advance. Subscribers residing at a distance, either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person, in this city, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.

THE NOVELIST.

FANNY MORTIMER.

LIGHT and airy passed the days of the youth of Fanny Mortimer. The glow of innocence and health mantled on her cheek, and cheerfulness and gaiety pranked it in her roguish eye. She was as happy as the day was long, and often from the grey blush of the morning until the sun streak'd the west with his fires, did the woods which embowered the cottage of her father, echo with her song. Her heart knew not what it was to sigh, and her eye was unconscious of a tear, except when the gale of real or imaginary woe called them forth. Thus in primitive simplicity did her hours glide on in happiness. She knew no pleasure greater than that of listening to the cooing of the wood pigeon, which she had saved from the talons of the kite, or of decorating with garlands the lamb she had rescued from the stream. But, alas! she was not long permitted to remain

in the paths of innocence and peace. Her beauties caught the eye of the seducer; his blandishments prevailed, and, with an aching heart, the unsuspecting Fanny Mortimer was lured from the home of her parents to the haunts of infamy and vice. Fanny, simple as she was, could perceive that the gaiety which surrounded her was all hollow; she felt it so herself, and wept incessantly, and deplored her departure from the easy path of rectitude. Her seducer, cloyed with possession, and tired with her tears, abandoned her, on the point of becoming a mother, to that fate which she concluded could not now be distant. He left her destitute, and as a last resource, she was forced to set out on foot for her native place, there to throw herself at the feet of her father, and implore forgiveness. If this were denied, she saw no other alternative than that of laying herself in the parish poor house, and there give birth to the little being, which, though it would serve to perpetuate her infamy, she could not help loving with all a mother's fondness. She travelled slowly, for her burden was heavy, but her heart was still heavier. It was late at night when she arrived at her paternal home. A melancholy foreboding struck into her soul as she perceived the garden wicket open, and every thing going to ruin and decay.—

She entered; there was no light in the lower room; a cold chill ran through her veins; she knocked; no answer was returned; she called upon her father. The dreadful certainty now could no longer be doubted; she had sent the grey hairs of her parents with sorrow to the grave. Faint and broken-hearted, she left the cottage, which had once been the abode of innocence and virtue. The night was wild and stormy; the cold rains pelted her with pitiless fury:—yet still, mindless of her situation, she walked forwards unheeding whither she went. She had crossed the common, and had taken the opposite way to that which led to the village; after proceeding for some time, unconscious where, she awakened to all the horrors of her situation; she perceived she had lost herself, and knew not in what part of the country she was. Death unto her appeared not dreadful; to her it was the minister of comfort, for she was wearied of the world, but she wished to live for the sake of the babe in her womb. She continued, therefore, walking forward, hoping to find some cottage where she might rest for the night. A light now struck her eyes, and following it up, though on the point of sinking at every step with fatigue, she came within sight of the hut from whence it proceeded. Hope now lent her vigour;

she paced down the hill as quick as her weariness would permit her. She was within an hundred paces of the cottage, when her strength failed her, and she sunk on the ground. She was unable to rise. The rain rushed in torrents down the hill, and the blast whistled among the trees. Fanny moaned for some time. Mixed with the confused tones of the wind, her moans reached the ears of the cotters. —'Tis the spirit of the night which howls, said they, fearfully, as they drew their chairs nearer the blazing hearth; and still at every response, did they deprecate the demon of the storm. Fanny did not long moan, for the angel of death appeared, and bore her afflicted spirit to the regions of rest. The next day her corpse was carried to the village and buried.— They did not lay her by the side of her father, for he had died sternly disowning her. She lies beneath the alder on the west side of the church, the place appointed for the burial of paupers. The village girls did not deck her grave with flowers, nor bind down the turf with ozers, yet here the wild lily and the snow-drop, emblems of her once spotless purity, love to bloom, and the love-lorn nightingale and the plaintive throstle build their nests, & warble through the foliage which now shades the cold sod under which poor Fanny Mortimer once more tastes of peace in the forgetful sleep of death.

HKW

HOME.

In answer to the inquiries of many respectable Ladies, we beg leave to inform them, that we shall shortly resume the publication of this interesting Novel, when it shall be regularly continued until the whole is completed.

For the REPOSITORY.

THE MELANGE.

When the last number of the Repository was handed to Polyglot Jack, he was engaged at supper, but Grumbo soon deprived him of appetite, for suddenly 'he crushed the paper, & thrust it, like an adder, in his bosom,'—then starting from his seat, paced the room with rapid strides, and with violent gestures, dismissed his attendants,—(journeymen, boys and printer's devil) then sat him down, with horrid vacant stare, to peruse those 'damning truths' it contained.

It is truly laughable to hear the praises lavished on the *erudite* Mr Watts, by Mr Dennie. The latter terms Watts 'the modern *Scaliger*?' and Jack, who cannot be surpassed in the art of servile flummery, or fawning syphocancy, dubos Mr Dennie the '*American Addison*?'—Whether they really merit these glittering titles, I shall not take upon myself to say, but wish merely to observe, that Mr Dennie to the character of a Gentleman unites that of an accomplished scholar and an elegant writer. Watts, on the other hand, with all his pretensions, is one of the most ignorant, vain, dirty blackguards that ever put his foot on our shores, which may truly be said to the asylum for the vagrants of every clime.

If Mr M'Corkle wishes to preserve the character of a pious Christian, I would thank him to keep an eye to the Table of the Law, when he again selects anecdotes of British sea-boys.

The ancient Babylonians had a very singular method of providing for their unmarried women. The most beautiful were sold to the highest bidder; and a sum of money was then given to whoever would take those that were ill-favoured; so that they fell to the share of the person who would accept them on the lowest terms, by which means all were provided for.

The following advertisement from the Luzern Federalist may aid the future historian in delineating the *manners* as well the *morals* of the good people of these excellent times:

"Whereas my wife, CATY, did,

on the 4th day of January, 1806, *bed* with *two men*, at the house of George Shaffer, and in company with the said men, did abuse and ill-treat me, her lawful husband; and has conducted in other respects in a disorderly manner. Now this is to warn all persons not to harbour or trust the said Caty on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting, nor hold myself bound to any of her bargains after this date.

The first American vessel that anchored in the river Thames, after the peace, attracted great numbers to see the stripes. A British soldier hailed, in a contemptuous tone, 'from whence came ye, brother Jonathan.' The boatswain retorted, 'from *Bunker's-hill*, d—n ye.'

A late advertiser for a house in a publick part of the town, stipulates that it shall be near either to a tinman's or a blacksmith's shop—that the ringing of their hammers and anvils may drown the more unpleasant sound of his wife's tongue.

The surveyor of the roads some years ago, in Kent, erected a post for the information of strangers, on which he caused to be written, 'This is a bridle-path to Feversham; if you cannot read this, you had better keep the main road.'

Lord Strangford, who stammered much, was telling a bishop that sat at his table, that Balaam's ass spoke because he was *pri-i-est*—'priest-rid, sir, said the valet, who stood behind the chair, my lord would say. No friend, replied the prelate, Balaam could not speak himself, and so his ass spoke for him.

EPIGRAM.

When Tom call'd in, one day, on Ned,
His wife was plaist'ring deary's head:

Who sigh'd, but dar'd not shake it!
'Tis well Tom's pace was somewhat slower,

For had he come an hour before
He'd seen the Vixen break it!

A Lady of great wit and spirit has been heard to declare, that she was once completely silenced by a very stupid personage, in the midst of a declamation, and encircled by a large

party of literary ladies and gentlemen. She was haranguing upon the *preference* she should feel for Tom Jones, to Sir Charles Grandison, as a brother, a friend, a lover, or an husband. The *silly* gentlewoman, in the mere desire of prating, and perfectly unconscious of the great force of what she was going to utter, interrupted the lady orator with 'Ladies and gentlemen, I am reading Tom Jones, but have not *finished* it: I have just left him in bed with another man's wife.'

The following Ballad, by Robert Bloomfield, will gratify many of our ghost-enamoured readers.

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

A BALLAD.

The lawns were dry in Euston Park;
(Here Truth inspires my tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over Hill and Dale.

Benighted was an ancient Dane,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its Willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But follow'd faster still;
And echo'd to the darksome copse
That whisper'd on the hill;

Where clam'rous Rocks, yet scarcely hush'd
Bespoke a peopled shade;
And many a wing the foliage brush'd
And hov'ring circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing Deer
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind;
When now, a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

She turn'd; it stop'd!—nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain;
But, as she strove the Sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seiz'd her quaking frame;
For where the path was bare,
The trotting Ghost kept on the same!
She mutter'd many a pray'r.

Yet once again, amidst her fright
She tried what sight could do;
When through the cheating glooms of night,
A MONSTER stood in view.

Regardless of what'er she felt,
It follow'd down the plain!
She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her pray'rs again.

Then on she sped: and hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung,
The ghost and all pass'd through.

Loud fell the gate against the post!
Her heart strings like to crack:
For, much she fear'd the grisly ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before:—
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surpriz'd:
Out came her daughter dear:
Good natur'd souls! all unadvis'd
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierc'd through the nig
Some short space o'er the green;
And there the little trotting sprite,
Distinctly might be seen.

An ass's foal had lost its dam
Within the spacious park:
And simple as the playful lamb,
Had follow'd in the dark.

No goblin he; no imp of sin;
No crimes had ever known.
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And rear'd him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor;
The matron learn'd to love the sound
That frightened her before.

A favourite the ghost became,
And 'twas his fate to thrive,
And long he liv'd, and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale,
And some conviction too—
Each thought some other goblin tale,
Perhaps was just as true.

The Proprietors of a Washing Machine, at Wilkesbarre, preface their advertisement with the following elegant, harmonious, & persuasive lines:

We offer Ladies, from the curious Deane
For your relief, a simple new Machine,
With which you'll wash, more in a single
hour,
Than in the common way you can in four.

When the Earl of Wharton, who made so eminent a figure in the reign of Queen Anne, was a stripling during the life of his father, who was a most formal Presbyterian, there being an extraordinary entertainment for some young gentry on the anniversary of his hopeful son's birth, he was ordered by the old Lord to say grace; whereupon turning up his eyes and assuming a puritanical countenance, he breathed the following strain:

"I pray God to shorten the days of Lord
Wharton and set his son up in his place;
"He'll drink and he'll whore, and ten thousand things more,
"With as good a fanatical face."

The pious parent being deaf, and not hearing what the lad said, but perceiving he had finished; very innocently gave his assent to it, by an *amen*, *I pray God*. Which to his great surprise made the whole company burst into a laughter.

It was wittily observed, that, in Christendom, there were neither scholars enow, gentlemen enow, nor Jews enow. When answer was made that of all these there were rather too great a plenty than a scarcity, the wit replied 'If there were scholars enow, so many would not be double or treble beneficed. If gentlemen enow, so many peasants would not be ranked among the gentry; and if Jews enow, so many Christians would not profess usury.'

A Lady asked a very silly Scotch nobleman how it happened that the Scots who came out of their country, were, generally speaking, men of more abilities, than those who remained at home. Oh, madam, said he, the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, that, for the honour of the country, no one be permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding. Then, said she, I suppose your Lordship was smuggled.

For the Repository.

Mr Slender,

AS I live near the centre of Pennsylvania, and in a new place, it is but seldom that I have an opportunity of seeing your paper. Your 3d and 4th numbers by chance fell into my hands, in which I find a couple of assuming wits have been scribbling a little on the female character. Jacobus, or Jack ass, which I think a more appropriate name for the author; and from the account he gives of himself, he really acted the ass to admiration, has most certainly done little honour to the species which nature placed him amongst. Can it be possible that an inhabitant of Philadelphia could have mixed so little with female characters, as not to understand the language of decency and common politeness? Our rustic lasses of the woods, who have never been twenty miles from where the god of nature first placed them, would have taken Mr Jacobus for a new Irishman, just from the mountains of Tipperary, or the bogs of the north. Your next correspondent, the twin brother of the modest Jacobus, Bob At'em, or, to place him on a footing with his brother humourist, Bob Bobtail, comes forward with his anatomical sketches for the instruction of his friend, poor soul! His brain must surely have been turned, to conjure up the great depth of erudition it contains. Many of the words in his scientific annotations must have been collected from nocturnal rambles in Southwark. For surely the author could not have heard them in use amongst the chaste and polite circles in the city. It is a disgrace to letters, that such fellows are tolerated to say any thing about the noblest part of the creation; and it is

no wonder that ladies, who possess dignity of manners and character, are disgusted with the company of such mushrooms.

To men of sense the society of ladies has always been peculiarly acceptable. A man of understanding winks at their little niceties, when mentioning their dresses and persons. Their charms have a tendency to destroy the foibles of his heart; their company, to refine his conversation and manners. Modesty in all our words and actions tends to make us amiable to our friends, and to be respected by our enemies; in all places, and on all occasions, it commands respect, and receives approbation. A modest man, who possesses a degree of common understanding and common prudence, finds no difficulty in entering the society of the ladies. He never runs the risk of being laughed at, nor does he require a catalogue of words wherewith to express himself. Ellen has my thanks, and the approbation of the untaught girls of the woods.

Should this deserve a place in your paper, perhaps you may again hear from

CHARLES ARCHIBALD MONTGOMERY.

For the Repository.

Mr Slender,

Perusing attentively the remarks of your correspondent Grumbo on the *Theatrical Censor*, induced me to glance hastily over its numbers, and struck by the truth of those charges, (which, upon examination, were all verified,) I cannot but express my surprise, that the public should be thus grossly imposed on by a mere phantom of justice and integrity; and, without

investigating its purity or truth, patronize a work, whose incongruities merit the contempt of every man.

The *partiality* he has evinced for his favourites is evident:—those individuals of the theatre, who had no ambition to cultivate his acquaintance, have suffered in his opinion, and their performances represented to the world as defective and censurable. The three last numbers of the *Censor* are almost wholly occupied by a scribbler titled Hornbook, censuring the *Repository*—What connection has this with the theatrical representations?—At any rate, disgusted with such a combination of falsehood and imposition, I have struck my name off the subscribers' list, on the appearance of Grumbo's communication—convinced of the truth of his remarks.

In the last number of the *Censor* I observe he lavishes his praise on master *Durang's* performance of the Prince of Wales in Richard III. I attended that performance, and, as the bills announced, found it was Master *Harris* that personated the prince—so you see he is even ignorant of the performers' names.

Almost every number of the *Censor* is adorned with quotations of different languages, many of which I strongly suspect Mr Censor does not understand, and the appearance of the 12th number has verified this suspicion.—I hope he will explain to his readers those *Hebrew* characters at the head of that number. But he will not surely have the audacity to assert that he possesses the least acquaintance with that language—for had he stopped on this side of *Hebrew*, he might still, (with the assistance of Mr *Dennie*,*)

* The Port Folio, for the last six months, will explain this.

have imposed himself on the publick as a *classical* scholar, which this discovery has prevented: for the Hebrew language is so seldom comprehended by a Christian, that we do not often see quotations from it to adorn the pages of an English work.

ABC

NB. What entitles the Editor of the Theatrical Censor to the name of 'A Citizen'? The presumption of a *subject of the British king* to usurp this title, ought to be noticed.

—
For the Repository.

TO JAQUES.

I must acknowledge, sir, that you have acted the character of an attorney with tolerable address in your defence of Ellen's paragraph. It is certainly the province of a lawyer to defend his client with the utmost of his abilities, and he has no business whatever to adhere to the truth, when the change of a word may be of any advantage to his client; but whether he has the liberty, in a court of justice, to coin, or to attach meanings to words, which are not allowed either by the learned or unlearned, is a question, which, I presume, an attorney can easily answer.

The word *sapient*, in the beginning of Ellen's answer, no unbiassed reader will, I believe, construe into irony; and I am of opinion that the lady used the word in its common acceptation. However, we are told by her learned attorney, that it has double the quantity of meanings attached to it by Johnson, or any other scholar. If this is so, we are no longer bound by words!

I am sorry, Mr Slender, that my answer to E. was such as to shock her modesty, cause her gentle bosom to heave with indignation against the wretch, who could thus, without mercy, abuse a gentle fair one. I find, therefore, that the apology which was made in the last paragraph of my answer was not accepted, although I wrote as answering a gentleman, which was asserted in that article, and asked pardon if the author were a lady.—None of these things have been noticed, and I am now to suppose that they were not read; that the beginning of the '*vile thing*' so irritated

my correspondent, that she flung the paper indignantly from her, dispatched a servant for her redoubtable attorney, and caused him instantly to vow vengeance against the insulting Jacobus; which, like an *honest* and faithful attorney, he has strictly performed: and by re-writing, correcting, contradicting and explaining many of the sentences in the piece of his client, has made that article appear in quite another light.

Your insinuation, Mr Attorney, that the pieces signed Jacobus and Bob At'em, were written by the same pen, is unworthy either you or your client. The accusation is too contemptible for a single remark.

JACOBUS.

Lancaster, Feb. 12th.

—
For the Repository.

LEVITY.

MODESTY.—There has been introduced into some countries, (of which ours is one) a very strange sort of modesty—to consider it affords some very amusing reflections. Females generally deride the man who, unfortunately, by nature or accident, is defective in any of the limbs or members of his body—there are few, if any, that would not avoid coupling with such unfortunate person. I have been in reputably respectable company, where absent persons have been made 'game' of for the entertainment of those present. If one squints—'his eyes are in search of each other,'—'playing with the girls in the kitchen, he got pepper in his eyes—or, he was a cook, accustomed to have *one eye* in the *pot*, and *t'other* in the *chimney*—To have but one eye is to be a *blinker*, or, it is *early* with the gentleman, he has but *one window* open. A lame person has many *ups and downs* in the world. A small man is a 'forty-foot,' a tall one a 'lubber.' To lisp, is to have your 'mouth full of *pap*,' & the like of many others. Now mark the inconsistency—Tho' the females

concur in this abuse, they will have a body mangled in a much more cruel manner, than ever nature or chance mangled it, to suit *their* ideas of decency. And whence arises this? Either from affectation or guilt. It is not natural, it is false delicacy: nor is it necessary to politeness, or any thing else. The French are allowed to be the politest and most polished people on earth, and they carry not their modesty so far. Sterne, in his Sentimental Journey, was riding in a carriage, with a French lady—she got out in his presence, as he tells us 'pour rien que pour pisser.' But our *modest belles* are ready to *faint*, if you only mention an ancle, or an under-garment, (though, by the by, they care not to parade the streets little better than *naked*.) bless them! If you begin to talk about their necks, they will blush, and look so *ashamed*, for fear you might use an indelicate expression! But to what purpose serves this feigned modesty?—I shall probably be told—it prevents indecent thoughts; it has a moral tendency. Look at China, and the Chinese women, who go much exposed—An American or European going there is incommoded but a short time by the exposure; he soon becomes familiar with it, and of course it ceases to affect him. So it would be here, if custom would allow us to tell explicitly our ills; by naming where we endure pain—or a place where we may have hurt ourselves. This *mock modesty* has cost many their lives; at most, any female would rather suffer the most excruciating torture, than tell in company, or elsewhere, that she has the belly-ache.—The absurdity of the *modesty* here alluded to, and ridiculed by Bob At'em is so palpable, that it shall no longer, for the present, employ the pen of

ATEM BOB.

For the Repository.

A PEEP AT THE 'CENSOR,'

or,

PEDANTRY EXPOSED.

Amongst the many important prodigies that transpired during the last year may be justly ranked the *hatching* of a creature, which remained a long time in the brain of a malevolent, ignorant critick. This Being, so *anxiously* expected by the publick, and whose name and *fame* had been announced a considerable time before its birth, at length, after its dad-da had completely made known the *good* it was to do, upon the opening of the Theatre, it came forth;

* Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu? *

* Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*

when, instead of speaking its native language, it comes into the world jabbering French—'Aimez qu'on vous corrige, et non pas qu'on vous loue,'† after this it declares its intention of insulting in the words of Shakspeare,

If we offend, it is with our good will.

a truly honest introduction. In a self important manner he talks about *vice* and *virtue*, his scholarship is proved by.

* Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis; † Concubitu prohibent vago; dare jura maritis.*

and never tells us that he borrowed it, but wishes us to believe that he can *equal* two lines in Horace's *Ars Poetica*. After talking very little concerning the merits or defects of the Stage,

* What will this boaster do, worthy of all this bawling. *

The mountains are in labour, but a sorry mouse will be born.

† Love him who corrects, and not him who commends you.

† To distinguish publick from private good; things sacred from things profane; to prohibit promiscuous commerce between the sexes; to give laws to the married.

a huge cataract of foreign jargon overwhelms us, which is not explained, nor do we think explainable by the shallow-pated *Panglos*; however we ought to think with him, that the only way to correct faults, is to talk in a language not understood by the delinquent.

With quotations, grammatical errors, sayings of French editors, and useless stories, he has laboured through his first number—all which are contained in eight octavo pages, and may be had for the *small* sum of eighteen cents.

* Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis amici? *
Prior, Rowe, Smith, Macbeth, and some French *stuff* help him out of the next number.

Number III of this surprising genius begins in a manner that 'shows virtue her own feature,'—a most filthy citation from Horace to introduce us into this department of the 'school of *Morals, of Arts, of Language, of Piety,*

* Mentior at si quid, merdis caput inquiner albis Corvorum.*†

in this number, after filling up with plots, quotations, &c. he ends with a circumstance related by Macrobius, which is good enough, but then it is so strange to see it translated into Latin and Greek for those who cannot understand English.

It would be tedious to notice the several numbers minutely, & indeed, the work itself is almost too low for criticism; and we find, I think, but one number written in a language that all his subscribers can understand. If he wishes to throw from his *sapient* head

* Could you refrain from laughter, my friends, at such a sight?

† I hope the reader will excuse my literal translation of this *SAGACIOUS* citer's sentence. "But if I lie a tittle, may my head be polluted with the white turds of Ravens."

the labour of years, or all the languages which he ever saw, he surely should get some person to translate them, that we may know whether they are pertinent, or not. But more of this afterwards, I shall now inquire whether he is a man of veracity.

In a note, No. VI. the Editor promises to give sixteen pages on Mondays, and eight on Thursdays, the latter plan he executes, but generally forgets that Thursday is at hand till Friday or Saturday has arrived. The sixteen paged Censor we have not seen, nor do we expect that this Dr Panglos is so liberal—

* O cives, cives, quaerenda pecunia primum est.*

This *Censorious* man gave us reason to suppose, that his remarks would be confined to the stage only, he led us to believe that impartiality would be his sole director; that obscenity should not disgrace his productions; that private characters should be held sacred, and not allusions made by every punster on names or letters. But how have our expectations been deceived! we see him deviating from his first declaration; we observe him attached to some, averse to other performers, and with a malignant eye discover imperfections in one, whilst with indulgent partiality others' defects escape unscrutinized. Even other Editors cannot elude his malevolent pen.

The Censor, in his prospectus told us, that his purpose was to correct abuses of the stage, amend the performers, &c. But he did not inform us that he would attack every Editor who dared to think differently from himself. Has he acted in conformity

* O citizens, citizens, be sought money in the first place.

to his first declaration? No, certainly. In a most shameless manner he uses the publisher of the Repository, merely because this man had an opinion of his own, or willingly gave currency to those of others. Let us see, perhaps Mr R. has no right to any judgment; he is no linguist, he does not cram his paper full of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, &c.....R can print as much as eight 4to pages without letting us know that he is versed in every antiquated writer.

'Quorsum pertinuit stipare Platona, Menandro? Eupolin, Archiloco? comites educere tantos? Contemnere, miser.'

Can the publick believe that he, who has handled the *balls* from his infancy, is able to instruct more erudited persons than himself? Can they think the man who has filled up most of his pages with dirty quotations, indecent scurrility, or unmeaning pictures, worthy of their favour?

'Hunc capit splendor argenti.'†

I shall conclude by observing, that whenever I see a man deceive the publick, or play the pedant, then shall he freely hear the sentiments of

VIGILARIUS.

WINTER.

See Winter comes to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad with all his rising train,
Vapours, and clouds, and storms.

THOMSON.

Must, O Winter, these fields, these enamelled meads, that boast their variegated hue, yield to thy rigid unrelenting hand? Must all those umbrageous aspiring oaks, these gay trees around, be stript of all their beauteous verdant foliage, and be left desolate

1 To what end was it to stow Plato upon Menander? Eupolis upon Archilocus? Why did you bring forth such companions? Wretch, you will be despised.

† The splendor of silver captivates him.

and bare to all the fury of the raging wind?

Ah, thy rigid approach hastens; nought can retard it: how all nature saddens! both herb, tree, and flower languishingly droop their heads.—Now no more the fluctuating air bears through the groves the soft mellifluous warblings of the plummy throng, nor any more is the listening ear rapturously pleased with their notes; they all have fled thy frigid, withering hand, to visit milder climes, where other groves their sweetest influence own—See! now gloominess overspreads the north sky; and direful Boreas beats the craggy rock and hill, and the dun leaves descend in whirling eddies to the brown earth; and often rain or hail comes rattling down, or oft the fleecy snow doth softly fall.

Now when all nature yields nought to the eye, but a barren prospect both far and wide; the groves and forests, bereaved of their leafy honours, invite not the mind to roam—now is the time, whilst leisure doth allow to indulge sweet contemplation, by the sparkling flame, and to read o'er what poets sung, and what the acts of ancient days.

Now, frosts and snow cover the earth, and the rivers, rivulets and ponds, full, brimming, swell'd by the autumnal rains, forget to flow, fast bound in icy chains; hail, sportful time, long wished for by the youthful crowd, whose chief delight it is your transparent surfaces to fly along.

How desolate and forlorn do all things appear, so rendered by thy power, oh Winter! but soon thy reign will be over, and one unbounded all prolific spring once more spread verdure over the wide world.

E

To Readers and Correspondents.

For several weeks past, owing to the ill state of the Editor's health, the publication of this journal has been extremely irregular, and, he fears, displeased many of his fair readers, who are now respectfully informed, that arrangements have been made which will enable him to furnish them with the Repository, (for the future) in due time.

The Editor returns his thanks to his friends 'S', and 'P,' and will be obliged to them for the continuance of their liberal and unprejudiced review of the Drama.

The Essay of Grumbo, published in our last, is a thorn in the side of that fantastick coxcomb, the Theatrical Censor.

'Zeno' has leave to withdraw his communication. Though I deride the bawlings of those frantick sectarians,

*'Who stroll, and teach from town to town
The good old Cause: which some believe
To be the devil that tempted Eve
With knowledge, and do still invite
The world to mischief with new light.'*

I feel too much reverence for the Christian Church and her Priesthood, ever to permit the impious productions of a disciple of *Paine* to disgrace the columns of the Repository. I would advise Zeno to reflect, for a moment, upon the impiety and the folly of the opinions he advocates. As Zeno is a scholar, I will answer his first query in the words of ORIGEN, "*Tempus futuri judicii non opus habebit spatio temporis; sed sicut resurrectio dicitur futura in momento, in ictu oculi, sic puto judicium fore.*" AUGUSTINE will satisfactorily answer his fifth query—"Scripturarum more diem poni pro tempore, nemo, qui illas literas, quamlibet negligenter legerit, nescit."..... However, I sincerely hope that he will become sensible of the magnitude of his error, and, instead of aiding the impious work of Infidels, employ his talents in opposing the baleful influence of their pernicious, damn'd *sentiments*, which, I am sorry to observe it, have received too much countenance from men, who are now high in office, and who, had *they* done their duty, should have opposed their introduction.

'A' will render himself justice by committing his trash to the flames.

For the Repository.

PORTRAIT

OF

The Editor of the Theatrical Censor.

High on a throne with hieroglyphics wrought,
With each fierce figure of fantastic thought,
In a deep cave where no bright beam intrudes,
O'er his black schemes the sullen emperor broods;
The shriek owls mingled with the raven's plume,
Sheds o'er his furrow'd brows an awful gloom.
From sickly fancy bred by sullen sloth,
Both parents' curse—yet pamper'd still by both;
First stands *Disease*, a hag of magic power,
Varying her frightful visage ev'ry hour,
Her horrors heightening as those changes last,
And each new form more hideous than the last.
Detraction next, a shapeless fiend, appears,
Whose shrivell'd hand a mirror rears,
Fram'd by malignant art, the infernal toy
Inverts the lovely mien of smiling joy,
Robs roseate beauty of attractive grace,
And gives demoniac frown to nature's face.
The third in place, but with a fiercer air,
See the true gorgon, *Disappointment*, glare,
By whose petrific power Delight's o'erthrown,
And Hope's warm heart becomes an icy stone.
Last in a gorgeous robe, that ill bestow'd,
Bows her mean body to the cumbrous load,
Stands fretful *Discontent*, of fiends the worst,
By dignity debas'd, by blessings curst,
Who poisons pleasure with the sourest leaven,
And makes a hell of love's extatick heaven.
His nurse was indolence—his tutor spleen,
Who kept the babe from every childless scene;
A thousand shapes he wears, now *pert*, now prim,

Pursues each grave conceit, or idle whim;
In arts, in science, in government engagements,
With critics, poets, politicians, sages,
And trying all things, can accomplish none,
But drops each work the moment its begun.
Yet o'er each rank, and age, and sex, his sway
Spreads unconcern'd, and makes the world his prey,
As the *strange monster* of the serpent breed,
That haunts, as travellers tell, the marshy mead,
Stings each nobler animal, tho' firmly grown,
To size and strength superior to his own,
With subtle darting tongue his prey anoints
With venom, potent to dissolve its joints,
So this monster, with wonder-working elf,
Can vanquish powers far mightier than himself.

FLONY.

ACROSTICK.

In Africk's climes no hoary writers stay,
And all is night, and gloomy night their only day.
Could but thy sapient self, Jacobus, greatly great,
On those sweet plains possess a calm retreat,
Beat all your surly soul upon their nightly dames,
Us would you free from satire's sordid chains,
Secur'd in frightful Melancholy's smarting pains.

AMATOR.

On a little man having a large beard.
How can thy chin that burden bear?
Is it all gravity to shock?
Is it to make the people stare,
And be thyself a laughing-stock?

When I behold thy little feet
After thy beard obsequious run,
I always fancy that I meet
Some father followed by his son.

A man like thee scarce e'er appear'd—
A beard like thine—where shall we find it?
Surely thou cherishest thy beard,
In hopes to hide thyself behind it.

ECONOMY.

Six prudent bucks, to make their pence hold out,
Club for a hat, and wear it night about.

CORRECTION.

We are happy to find, on examination, that we were under a wrong impression, when we asserted, that the American edition of Xenophon contained '*horrid blunders*,' judges having pronounced it more free from them than most of the books published in this country. It is, also, allowed to be much more correct than any of the editions of Xenophon usually imported from Europe, for the use of schools.

[Edit. Rep.]

A CARD.

For the quiet of those, whose sagacity has put them into a wonderful doubt, (not unlike that of the clown—'whether now be the moon a green cheese?') Bob At'em takes this opportunity to declare, that Jacobus and he are not the same person, as has been asserted, nor knowingly to him have ever seen each other—otherwise master Jaques should long ere this have been informed, that the author is far from 'being induced to friendship' with a person, who is 'an outlaw from agreeable society.'*

B. A.

* See the Repository of the 8th inst.

MARRIED

On Monday evening, the 10th inst. by the Rev. Dr Stoughton; Major Jacob Schenk, of Amwel, Huntingdon County. to Mrs Mary Vanharling, of Burlington.

On Thursday last, by the Rev. Dr. Helmuth, John S. Hiester, Esq. of the borough of Reading, to Miss Maria Muhlenberg, daughter of the late F. A. Muhlenberg, Esq.

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